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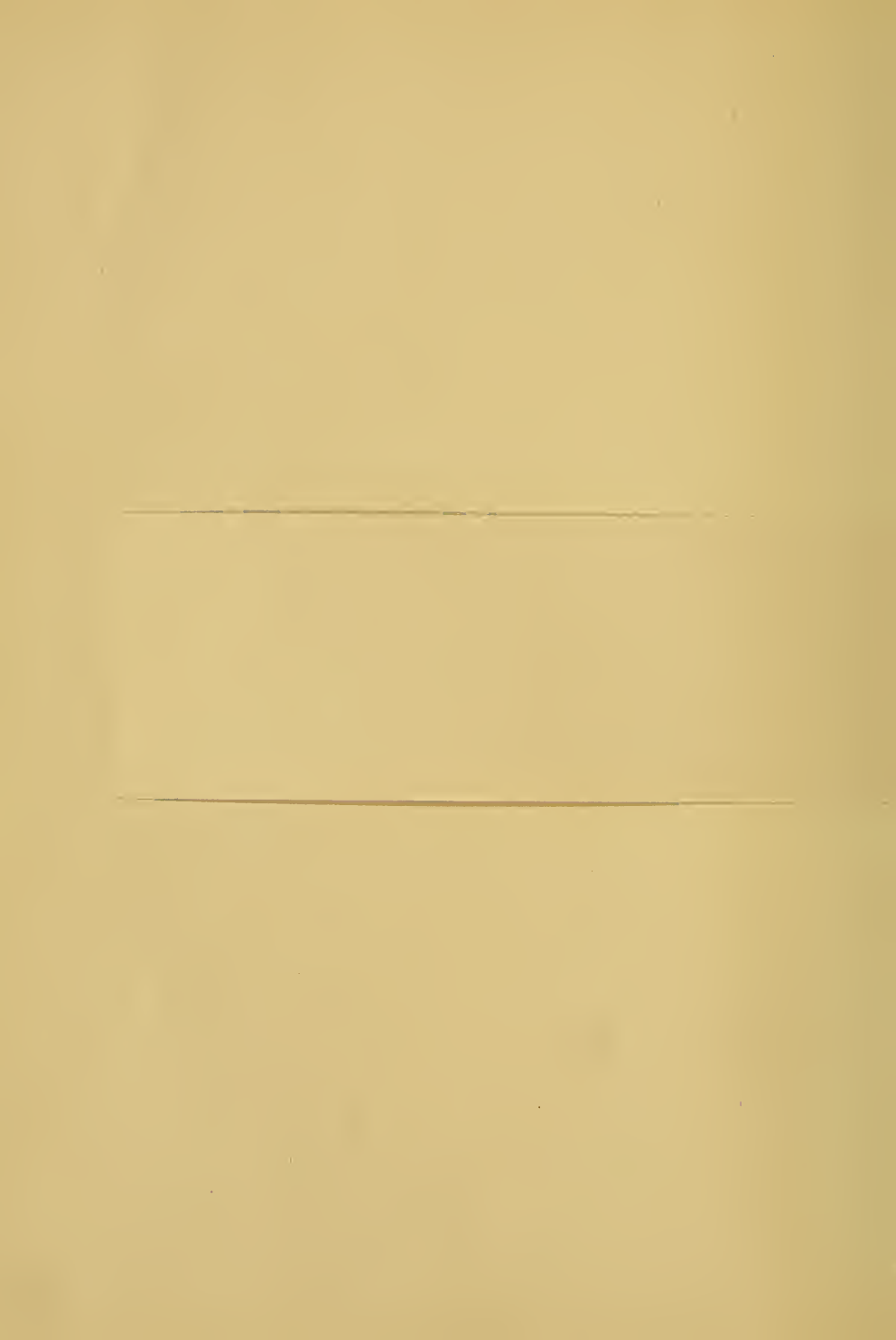
THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.
OF ENGLAND.

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Page 27, line 1, *for* 1848, *read* 1648.

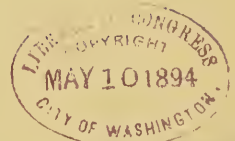
“ 40, “ 15, “ 1648, “ 1649.

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THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. OF
ENGLAND, BY MRS. C. S. H. CLARK



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DEDICATED

TO

John and Frances.

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

CHAPTER I.

HE Stuarts were of Norman origin, and tradition tells us that they were descendants of Banquo, the betrayed friend of Macbeth, to whom the witches prophesied "thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none."

When Malcolm, son of the unfortunate King Duncan, returned from the Court of Edward the Confessor where he had taken refuge, and was raised to the throne of Scotland, he made Fleance, son of Banquo, Lord High Steward of his kingdom. From that time the family appear to have adopted the title of their office as their surname, changing it from Steward into Stewart or Stuart.

Through intervening years the Stuarts filled this high office, taking part in all great national events and carrying the Cross in the Crusades, until Walter Stuart, who was knighted on the field of Bannockburn, married the daughter of the great Bruce.

About 1371, on the death of the weak David II., son of Robert Bruce, the son of Walter Stuart and Marjory Bruce was made King under the name of Robert II. and thus the Stuarts attained to the throne of Scotland, and eventually to that of Great Britain.

Until 1603, the Stuarts occupied the throne of Scotland only. In that year, on the death of Elizabeth of England, James VI. of Scotland became heir to the English Crown through his mother, the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Stuart, and thus the two countries became united under one head. James was succeeded by his son Charles I., and it is of his children that this sketch is written.

In 1625, Charles I. of England married Henrietta Maria, the daughter of Henry of Navarre, one of the greatest of the French monarchs. Their oldest living child was Charles, Prince of Wales; the second, James,

Duke of York ; Mary, the Princess Royal ; Elizabeth ; and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, the baby in the family in 1640, when we find them still a happy family undisturbed by the storm which was so soon to break over their heads.

Charles I., though a good and loving husband and a most affectionate father, was far from being a wise king. A true Stuart, he only recognized the rights of kings, and could not realize that the time had come when the people would no longer yield implicit obedience to their sovereigns regardless of their own rights. A few centuries earlier he would have made an excellent king ; he was of a good disposition and a fine mind, but easily influenced by his friends, and unfortunately he was surrounded by many unwise advisers.

In order to carry on his wars, Charles levied heavy taxes on the people which he summoned a Parliament to confirm ; this they refused to do ; several Parliaments were convened and dismissed, each refusing to accede to the King's demands for money. Finally, the Long Parliament was assembled on November 3d, 1640, and continued its sessions for four years. Far from granting

the King's demands, it entered into an alliance with Scotland, where the people were in a state of insurrection, and Civil War was now declared in England.

About this time King Charles, in order to obtain help from Holland, gave his oldest daughter Mary in marriage to William, the young Prince of Orange.

The marriage took place May 2d, 1641, in the Chapel of Whitehall palace, the King and the oldest Princes being the only members of the royal family present. The Queen, accompanied by her mother, Mary de Medicis, and the little Elizabeth, witnessed the ceremony from a gallery, not being allowed as Roman Catholics to appear at the service.

Though married, Mary was but ten years old and the Prince sixteen. By the marriage settlement the Princess was to remain in England until her education was completed, and the Prince to return to his own country for the same purpose; accordingly, within a few days after the marriage the little groom bade his child-wife farewell and sailed for Holland.

The separation was not, however, for so long as was anticipated; in the following spring of 1642, Henrietta

Maria, under pretext of taking Mary to Holland, but in reality to obtain assistance from abroad for her husband, left England. After a very rough voyage the Queen and the Princess landed in Holland and were warmly welcomed by the young Prince, his father Frederick of Orange, and the Queen of Bohemia. Apartments were given them in the royal palace at the Hague, and many fêtes were celebrated in their honor.

That the absence of the Queen and Princess was much felt in England in the royal family will be seen by a letter which shortly followed them to Holland.

*“ To the Hands Of The Lady Marie Princess of Aurania
These Presents.*

“ MOST ROYAL SISTER,

“ Methinks, although I cannot enjoy that former happiness which I was wont in the fruition of your society, being barred those joys by the parting waves, yet I cannot so forget the kindness I owe unto so dear a sister as not to write; also expecting the like salutation from you, that although awhile dissevered, we may recipro-

cally understand each other's welfare. I could heartily and with a fervent devotion wish your return, were it not to lessen your delights in your royal Spouse, the Prince of Orange, who as I conceive by his last letter, was as joyful for your presence as we are sad and mourning for your absence.

"My father is very much disconsolate and troubled, partly for my royal mother's and your absence, and partly for the disturbance of this Kingdom.

"Dear sister, we are as much as we may merry, and more than we would sad, in respect we cannot alter the present distempers of these troublesome times. My father's resolution is now for York, where he intends to reside, to see the event or sequel to these bad unpropitious beginnings, whither you direct your letter. Thus much desiring your comfortable answer to these my sad lines.

"I rest,

"Your loving Brother

"CHARLES PRINCEPS."

ROYSTON, 9th March, 1642.

Early in 1643 Henrietta Maria sailed for England, committing her young daughter to the love and care of her Aunt Elizabeth of Bohemia.

Elizabeth of Bohemia was the sister of Charles I. and the widow of the Elector Palatine, who dying an exile in Sweden, his wife and children became dependent upon the hospitality of the Prince of Orange for a home.

On May 4th of that same year, which was also Mary's twelfth birthday, her marriage was solemnized at the Hague, although it was not consummated until three years later. William of Orange was in every respect calculated to inspire his young wife with affection, and through their short married life they were warmly attached to each other. He was the handsomest and most accomplished prince of his day; an excellent statesman and a good soldier, he was at once the "hope and pride and dread of his country."

CHAPTER II.

N the autumn of 1642, the first blood was shed in the Revolution at the battle of Edgehill, where the royalists obtained the victory; but the tide of fortune was soon to turn. King Charles had taken his two oldest boys to the army with him, but Elizabeth and Harry of Oatlands, as the little boy was sometimes called, from the place of his birth, left under the care of Lady Roxburgh at Hampton Court, fell into the hands of Parliament. Separated from their family and Lady Roxburgh, who had been with them from infancy, the children were far from happy, but we will let Elizabeth speak for herself.

“MY LORDS,

“I account myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me and strangers put to me. You



CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.

promised me and I hope you will shew it, that you would have a care of me, in preventing so great a grief as this would be to me. I pray you to consider of it and to give me cause to thank you and rest your loving friend

ELIZABETH.

To the right honorable the lords and peers in parliament."

This letter was written when the Princess was but eight years of age; very uncomfortable must have been their condition before a child could bring herself to do what would have been difficult for an older person.

Little Elizabeth had been born on Holy Innocents' Day, when the ground was covered with snow, a fitting emblem as it has been said, of the purity of her character. The attendants about the Princess, though ordered not to treat her otherwise than they would any child of gentle birth, were so impressed by the loftiness of her character and the dignity of her bearing, that they always addressed her as "My little lady."

Fortunately for the child she was fond of study, and thus beguiled many tedious hours. At eight years of

age she read and wrote French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; of the latter two languages she was especially fond, and her delight was in reading the Bible in Greek and Hebrew. So remarkable a child was she considered, that several learned men of that day dedicated essays in prose and verse to her, and her family built high hopes on the honor and benefit she would bring them by an alliance with one of the royal families on the Continent. But all hopes of a great earthly future were destined to disappointment. The young Princess was never strong, the solitary life she led, the want of proper companionship and the unhealthy amount of studying she was allowed to do, soon told on her health, and were very prejudicial to a naturally delicate constitution.

Though Henrietta Maria sailed from Holland in January 1643, it was not until the spring that she was able to join the King. After encountering heavy storms through which she kept up the courage of her attendants by assuring them that a Queen of England had never been drowned, they landed at Burlington on the coast of England. But their difficulties were not yet over. The

enemy hearing the Queen had landed, stormed the town where she lay, and she was obliged to hide in a trench from the guns of the besiegers. A story is told which shows the kindheartedness of Henrietta Maria; having, in her haste to leave the town, forgotten her little dog Mike, she hurried back through all the firing, seized her little pet and escaped with him to a place of safety.

The King, hearing that the Queen had landed and was in danger, sent a force of two thousand men to her aid. The enemy were driven off, but one of the officers who had been most zealous in the attack on the town fell into the hands of the royalists and was condemned to immediate death. The Queen, hearing of the sentence, pardoned him, and ordered him to be set at liberty, thus returning good for the ill he had done her, and converting one of her bitterest enemies into a staunch defender of her cause.

The King and Queen finally met near Edgehill, and for about a year were together, but during that time Henrietta Maria never saw her two youngest children.

In the summer of 1644, the Queen having parted from King Charles near Oxford never to see him again, re-

tired to Exeter, in which town on the 16th of June, was born the youngest child of Charles I., the little Henrietta Anne. Two weeks later on the approach of the parliamentary army, Henrietta Maria sent to General Essex the officer in charge asking to be allowed to go to Bristol. Far from granting her request, he brutally sent word that "it was his intention to conduct her Majesty to London, where her presence was required to answer for the war."

Seeing she had no time to lose, Henrietta Maria left her sick bed, and in disguise and accompanied by only two or three faithful friends escaped from Exeter. Her first stopping place was a wayside hut, where she lay concealed two days while the entire army who were seeking her ruin passed by, utterly unconscious that she, on whose destruction they were so intent, was in such close proximity to them.

In Dartmoor Forest the Queen was joined by a few more of her attendants, who, likewise, had effected their escape from Exeter. Among them was Geoffrey Hudson, the little dwarf, to whom the Queen was much attached. In her happy days when still a young bride, at a dinner

given her Majesty by the Duke of Buckingham, a large venison pie was placed in front of the Queen ; on the pastry being cut, out stepped this little man and kneeling before Henrietta Maria begged to be allowed to be her knight.

At that time he was but eighteen inches tall, but finally grew to be three and a half feet high ; though so diminutive in body, his mind seems to have been fully developed and at times he was intrusted with most important missions. His temper was very quick and as may be readily imagined, he had much to try it, being made the butt for the witticisms of the young courtiers.

On one occasion this jesting was carried too far, and Geoffrey Hudson called the young man to account ; looking upon it still in the light of a joke, young Croft appeared at the rendezvous armed only with a squirt ; rendered still more indignant by this added insult, the dwarf insisted on a duel. The opponents, mounted on horseback, accordingly fought, and young Croft fell, a victim to his own folly.

But to return to the Queen. The coast was reached in safety, and after a short rest at Falmouth passage over

was secured on a vessel sailing for the French coast. But Henrietta Maria had not yet escaped the vigilance of her foes; the vessel was pursued and the Captain was completely unmanned by his terror. Like the true daughter of her great father, Henrietta Maria took command and ordered every sail to be set and at the same time gave positive orders that when all hope of escape was gone, the vessel and all its occupants were to be blown up.

Inspired by the example of their Queen, the sailors strained every nerve to reach the opposite shore, but their goal was still far distant when the French appeared on the scene and rescued them from their pursuers. A landing was effected at Brest, and so exhausted was the Queen that she was glad to seek shelter and rest in a fisherman's hut, her bed being a pile of straw in one corner. The news of her arrival soon spread and the gentry of the neighborhood flocked to offer assistance. After resting at the Baths of Bourbon, Henrietta Maria entered Paris and took up her abode at the Louvre, where apartments had been prepared for her reception.

But what had become of the little baby who was of necessity left behind? Lady Dalkeith, the Queen's friend, took charge of the child, and a little later, on the approach of the royalists, the enemy retired and the King entered Exeter.

On July 26th, Charles, for the first time, saw his little daughter, who was now about six weeks old, but it was only for a comparatively short time he could remain with her. In 1646, after standing a long siege, Exeter again changed hands and then Parliament removed the little Henrietta Anne to Oatlands as a more secure place of keeping. Here Lady Dalkeith was still allowed to have the care of the Princess, though under the supervision of Parliament.

The following summer, hearing that Parliament designed taking the child from her, Lady Dalkeith determined, rather than be separated from the Princess, to attempt an escape from England. Aided by one or two faithful servants she disguised herself as a beggar and leaving Oatlands with the child on her back, this brave woman made her way on foot to Dover, where she secured passage on a packet, and arriving in

France in safety soon placed the Princess in her mother's arms.

Many were the risks they ran as they thus travelled through England; the child was able to talk but not plainly; she rebelled against the poor clothes in which they had dressed her, and did her best to tell people that she was not the little beggar boy Pierre as she was called, but the little Princess. Fortunately for her the people whom they met could not understand her indignant prattle.

Henrietta was the only child of Charles I. who was raised in the Roman Catholic Church; being left entirely to her mother, it was but natural that she should bring her up in her own faith, and to that faith the Princess always adhered.



HENRIETTA MARIA, CONSORT OF CHARLES I.

CHAPTER III.

N January of 1646, the Prince of Wales, by his father's advice, escaped from England; he went first to the Scilly Islands, then to Jersey, and finally he joined his mother in Paris.

As heir presumptive to the throne of England, Charles was received with the honor due to royalty. The French Court happened at that time to be at Fontainebleau, a very ancient and magnificent castle about forty miles from Paris.

Louis XIII., Henrietta Maria's brother, was now dead, but his widow, Anne of Austria, the regent of his little boy, was a most kind-hearted woman, and through her entire life extended all the aid and hospitality in her power to her sister-in-law and her children.

For a few days Charles remained at the Louvre with his mother, then in accordance with an invitation, they joined the French Court at Fontainebleau.

The royal family of France consisted of the Queen regent, the young King Louis XIV. and his brother Philip, better known as Monsieur; Henrietta Maria's brother Gaston of Orleans, who was lieutenant general of the Kingdom, and lastly, of his daughter Anne Maria, duchess of Montpensier, a title she derived from her mother as well as an immense fortune.

The Prince of Wales was first cousin to these young people, and now formed one of the miniature Court which surrounded the young Louis XIV. This little King, though but eight years of age, had his suite of apartments, his small attendants and officers, "and everything was regulated with the utmost punctilio and etiquette."

We will give in the Duchess of Montpensier's own words what followed the introduction of the Prince of Wales into this Court. This Princess or as she is best known in history *la grande Mademoiselle*, was a few years older than the others and of a proud and aspiring disposition. Her aunt the Empress of Germany having died, the height of her ambition was to take her place, never doubting, but that the Emperor would in due time seek her hand.

But as to the Prince of Wales "he was only sixteen or seventeen years of age, rather tall, with a fine head, black hair, a dark complexion and a tolerably agreeable countenance. But he neither spoke nor understood French, which was very inconvenient. Nevertheless everything was done to amuse him, and during the three days that he remained at Fontainebleau there were hunts and every other sport which could be commanded in that season. He paid his respects to all the princesses and I discovered immediately that the Queen of England wished to persuade me that he had fallen in love with me. She told me he talked incessantly of me; that were she not to prevent it he would be in my apartments at all hours; that he found me quite to his taste and that he was in despair on account of the death of the Empress, for he was afraid that they would seek to marry me to the Emperor. I listened to all she said as became me, but it did not have as much effect upon me as she probably wished."

From all this we see that Henrietta Maria desired to make a match between her rich niece and her oldest son. Her fortune would have helped very materially to repair

their ruined fortunes, but Mademoiselle also saw this and determined not to give herself and her money to a prince who was both homeless and throneless.

After the return of the Court to Paris, the young people were still thrown much in each other's society and the English Queen never missed an opportunity to forward her favorite scheme.

In her memoirs *la grande Mademoiselle* tells us of two different occasions when Henrietta Maria insisted on dressing her and arranging her hair for balls, "the Prince of Wales held the flambeau near me to light my toilette the whole time." At the second ball Henrietta Maria loaned her some of the few jewels she still possessed, in addition to which she wore the crown jewels of France. "The Queen praised the fine turn of my shape, my air, the beauty of my complexion and the brightness of my light hair. I had a conspicuous seat in the middle of the ball room, with the young King of France and the Prince of Wales at my feet; I did not feel the least embarrassed, for, as I had an idea of marrying the Emperor, I regarded the Prince of Wales only as an object of pity."

James, Duke of York, not so fortunate as Charles in making his escape, had been captured in 1645, and confined with the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester at Whitehall. About that time a change was made from which the children derived much pleasure, the Earl of Northumberland was appointed by Parliament to take charge of them, he was an old friend of the King's and still warmly attached to him and his family.

In order to avoid rousing the suspicion of Parliament the Duke of Northumberland obtained the promise of the children that they would have no secret communications with their family. The Queen, not knowing this, forwarded a note to James, which was handed him privately while playing tennis; the boy, true to his word, drew back, saying, "I cannot take it, I have promised that I will not."

This promise did not, however, prevent the Duke from making every possible effort to escape, as advised by his father to do. He was now fifteen years of age, and after the Prince of Wales, heir to the throne, which made his parents anxious to get him out of the power

of their enemies; a fact which made Parliament also anxious to keep him in their power.

The Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester often played hide and seek through the palace, and James joined oftentimes in their game. At first it was only to play as the others did, but as his determination to escape became more fixed in his mind, he joined the game thinking it might be, as in the end it proved to be, the means of evading his keepers, effecting his escape and joining his family abroad.

In order to avoid suspicion James would take the part of the one to hide, each time seeking a more out of the way spot or nook, and often prolonging the search into half an hour, until the attendants, though alarmed at first at this long absence, grew accustomed to it and took it for granted that the boy would finally come to light.

Every arrangement for the flight from the country having been made by his friends after the Duke should have escaped, James confided his plan to the Princess Elizabeth, who was to aid him by prolonging the search until too late for detection. Accordingly on April 21st,

1848, the children began the game of hide and seek; as usual James was the one to hide, instead of doing so, he quietly left the palace grounds by a back gate which opened into an extensive park where his friends were in waiting with other clothes and a wig. In this disguise they crossed London and reached the Thames, where a boat was in readiness to take them to Gravesend. There they secured passage on a vessel just about to sail for Holland and before long James was with Mary, Princess of Orange, his sister, whom he had last seen as a little girl when they were all children together in London.

CHAPTER IV.

URING these years the Revolution had made rapid strides; at first the Royalists were successful, but the battle of Marston Moor fought in 1644, was ruinous to their cause.

A treaty was entered into but the King refused to accede to all of the demands of Parliament, and hostilities were renewed.

On June 14th of the same year the battle of Naseby was fought, which proved the final blow to the Royal Cause. Charles now threw himself on the protection of the Scots, but ultimately they gave him up to the Parliament and he was carried to Hampton Court a prisoner indeed, but treated with respect. Entirely at the mercy of his enemies, Charles yielded to all demands of Parliament, barely retaining more than the empty title of King. Every thing even now would have been amicably

settled, and peace restored to the Kingdom, when Cromwell suddenly appeared at the head of a body of troops, dismissed Parliament and siezed the King.

Who was this man who by military force thus ruled England and wrought so much harm to the house of Stuart! Oliver Cromwell was of a good birth on both sides, and a man of powerful intellect but unbounded ambition. He was a member of Parliament in early life; dissatisfied with the government and determined to leave England, he with his family and accompanied by Richard Hampden, one of the ablest leaders of the Revolution, had in 1637 actually taken passage for "New England in America" when the ship was prohibited sailing by a public proclamation. What would have been the fate of England but for this!

Forced to remain in England, Cromwell took an active part in the Revolution which followed; renowned for his skill and bravery, he was made colonel, then lieutenant-general and finally attained to the command of the entire army. Oliver Cromwell was also a religious fanatic who never hesitated to claim inspiration from Heaven for any act he might determine upon. Such was the man in

whose power Charles I. now found himself and full well did he realize his situation.

During the King's imprisonment he was allowed several interviews with the Princess Elizabeth and the little Duke. "It had been five years since Charles had seen his daughter, he had left her a child of seven years and found her a graceful but delicate girl of twelve, with an expression of meek and thoughtful sorrow on her brow that was only too much in unison with his own feelings. The little Duke of Gloucester, now a sprightly child of seven, had never seen his father since he was two years old. 'Do you know me, my child?' said Charles. 'No,' was the boy's reply. 'I am your father, child, and it is not one of the least of my misfortunes that I have brought you and your brothers and sisters into this world to share my miseries.' When General Fairfax, to whose entreaties these interviews were chiefly due, came into the room, Elizabeth thanked him in such a womanly and heartfelt way, that the soldier was much touched and begged to be allowed to kiss her hand." And it is said that "Cromwell declared that these interviews between the King and his children



PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

were the most touching sights he ever beheld, and that he alone of all the men bent his knee to the Princess."

But these meetings which were such a source of pleasure to the children as well as the King soon ceased. Charles having failed in an attempt to escape from Hampton Court, was taken to the Isle of Wight and confined in Carisbrooke Castle. His trial then followed; but of this the children were kept in ignorance until sent for by their father for his farewell blessing. Then Elizabeth had to be told all; that the mock trial was over, and her father had been sentenced to death. At first it was feared the news had killed her, so great was her anguish, but she mustered strength for this last interview with her father on January 29th, 1649. The King was at St. James Palace in London awaiting his execution, which took place on the next day, the 30th. How changed he was from what he had been fifteen months before, when they had last seen him, old and broken and uncared for.

"The Princess Elizabeth burst into a flood of tears at the sight of her father and the little Harry wept for company. The Royal father consoled and soothed them,

and when he had solemnly blessed them, drew them to his bosom." We will give the Princess's own simple narrative of what followed :

"What the King said to me on the 29th of January, 1649, the last time I had the happiness to see him. He told me he was glad I had come, for though he had not time to say much, yet, somewhat he had wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he had feared the cruelty was too great to permit his writing. 'But, sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.' Then shedding abundance of tears, continues the Princess, I told him I would write down all he said to me. He wished me, he said, not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land. He said he had forgiven all his enemies and he hoped God would forgive them also; and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them also. Above all, he bade me to tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her and that his love for her would be the same to the last; withal he commanded me and my brother

to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr; and that he doubted not, but God would restore the throne to his son, and then we should all be happier than we could possibly have been if he had lived."

"Then taking my brother, Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now they will cut off thy father's head;' upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king, but, mark what I say, you must not be King as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child replied, 'I will be torn to pieces first;' and these words coming so unexpectedly from so young a child rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his Majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and he would provide for him; all of which the young child earnestly promised."

"The King then gave to the children some few jewels, kissed them, blessed them, and called the attendants to take them away. He turned from them to hide his

tears and shorten the parting, but Elizabeth's wail of anguish brought him again to her side, to fold her in his arms, to clasp her to his bosom, to press kisses how tender on her quivering lips, and then what could he more, to leave her, feeling that for him the bitterness of death was past."

CHAPTER V.

HAT last night Charles passed in tranquil sleep; at daybreak he awoke and said, "I will rise now, I have a great work to do this day." His attendant's agitation was so great that he failed to arrange the King's hair as well as usual. "Nay," said Charles, "though my head be not to stand long on my shoulders, take the same pains with it that you were wont to do; this is my second marriage day; I would be as trim to-day as may be." Finding that it was a very cold day, the King asked for another warm shirt, "for," said he, "the weather is sharp and probably may make me shake; I would have no imputation of fear, for death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared. Let the rogues come whenever they please."

At break of day Bishop Juxon arrived to pray with the King, and remained with him to the last. Shortly

the summons came to go to Whitehall. A double line of soldiers guarded the path which the King took through the park, while another detachment of soldiers preceded him with "banners flying and drums beating." On one side of the King walked Bishop Juxon; and Colonel Tomlinson, in whose charge the royal captive had been put, walked on the other side. From being an enemy to his King, Colonel Tomlinson had been converted by Charles' dignity of bearing in his trial, to one of his warmest admirers, and now protected him from the insolence and violence of the soldiers.

As Charles had anticipated, the quick walk through the park had done much to counteract the chill of the cold weather. On reaching Whitehall the King entered his old bed-room, and there the Holy Communion was administered him by Bishop Juxon. A little later he was urged to eat a dinner which had been prepared; at first he declined, but being urged by the Bishop, who said, "Sir, you have fasted long to-day; the weather is so cold that faintness may occur." "You are right," said the King, and took a glass of wine and some bread.

"Now," he exclaimed, "let the rascals come; I have forgiven them and am quite ready."

A delay had arisen from the difficulty of finding a man willing to act as executioner to his King. At last, by force and bribery, Gregory Brandon, the hangman, was induced to fulfil his usual duty. In case, however, of a refusal on his part at the critical moment, one Hulet a sergeant in the army, by promise of promotion, was also on the scaffold.

During this delay Charles received by a private messenger a letter from the Prince of Wales, enclosing a carte blanche with his name attached for his father to fill up, binding himself to anything, that his father's life might be spared. Though much touched at this manifestation of devotion from his son, Charles would not sacrifice his son's future to save his own life. For fear the paper might fall into other hands for whom it was not intended, Charles carefully burned it.

About one o'clock the final summons came. Bishop Juxon and the faithful Herbert fell on their knees. "Rise, my old friend," said Charles, holding out his hand to the Bishop, and he bade Herbert open the door.

The way to the scaffold was through the ball-room, where a window had been taken out to allow the King to pass out on to it.

The King's dignity of presence and courage never forsook him; with a calm expression he gazed on the sea of soldiers gathered round the platform to prevent any rising among the people. Seeing the uselessness of attempting to address his people over the soldiery, he addressed only a few words to his friends who had accompanied him.

While thus engaged some one touched the axe; the King exclaimed, "Have a care of the axe; if the edge is spoiled it will be the worse for me." Gregory Brandon, the executioner, now knelt before him, begging forgiveness for the deed he was about to do. "No," said Charles, "I forgive no subject of mine who comes deliberately to shed my blood." This same man died eighteen months later, literally pining to death for want of the pardon which was now denied him, saying, "he always saw the King as he appeared on the scaffold, and that devils did tear him on his death-bed."

Bishop Juxon helped Charles to put his hair under his cap out of the way of the axe, reminding him there was "but one stage more, which, though very troublesome, is yet but a short one; it will carry you a great way, even from earth to heaven." "I go," replied Charles, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place."

He then took off his George and handed it to the Bishop, saying, "remember." Taking off his coat and putting on his cloak, he said, "I shall say a short prayer, and when I hold out my hands, strike." For a few moments he stood in silent prayer, looked up to Heaven, then knelt and laying his head on the block stretched out his hands. At a single blow his head was severed from his body. One groan arose from the people, but immediately the soldiers dispersed the crowd in all directions.

The body was placed in a coffin and taken into Whitehall Palace, and later taken to St. James, and finally to Windsor for interment, though Charles had requested that he might be buried in Westminster Abbey by his father.

The funeral cortege consisted of four coaches. The body rested one night in Windsor Castle, and the next day was followed to its final resting place by the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Hertford and Lords Lindsay and Southampton. As the coffin was carried out of the Castle the snow began to fall so fast and thick that by the time the corpse entered the west end of the royal chapel the black velvet pall was entirely white, the color of innocence. "So went our King, white to his grave," said the sorrowing servants of Charles I.

No burial service was allowed, and at the last moment it was remarked that no inscription had been put on the coffin, by which it might be recognized. A sheet of lead was procured, and with penknives the words Charles Rex, 1648, were cut in it; this strip of lead was then fastened around the coffin.

"Half blinded with tears, with the gloom of impending night thick with falling snow, the faithful friends and servants of Charles I. lowered his coffin among that portion of England's royal dead who repose at Windsor, and left him there without either singing or saying, or

even the power of ascertaining the precise spot where he was laid."

In 1813 the body was found in a vault containing the remains of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT what were Charles' wife and children doing during this sad winter? The French Court was as gay as ever—ball succeeded ball, banquet followed banquet, and no one seemed to give a thought to the poor King in his solitary confinement and awful death. But this was not entirely true, for no one ever dreamed that the Parliament would dare to take such a step, to make themselves regicides.

To the poor Queen the shock was overpowering, sustained through five long years by the hope of being united to the King; now every hope was crushed to the earth. From that time Henrietta Maria named herself "La Malheureuse Reine;" and truly she was entitled to the name, for few queens have had more cause to mourn for a lost husband—a husband than whom a more faithful one could not be found, and that at a time when

virtue was not deemed one of the essentials of the kingly character.

The Queen retired to the Convent at Chaliot to mourn for her husband and to grieve for the little ones still in the hands of their enemies.

Court mourning never lasts for long. She returned to her family to find Paris in a state of excitement, owing to a difficulty between the royal family of France and the authorities and people of the city, known as the War of the Fronde.

The Queen Regent and the young Louis, accompanied by the entire Court, fled in the night to St. Germain. Henrietta Maria and her little daughter, the Princess Henrietta, remained in the Louvre during this insurrection, but their poverty was extreme; they suffered from the want of even the necessities of life. Cardinal de Retz, going to call on the English Queen one day, discovered that the little Henrietta Anne was obliged to remain in bed to keep warm, as they had no fuel with which to make a fire. The kind-hearted Cardinal supplied their immediate needs and took care that for the

future the daughter of Henry IV. should not again be reduced to such straits.

Though la grande Mademoiselle accompanied the French Court to St. Germain, she rather sided with the Parisians, and was the only one of the royal family who dared ride back and forth to Paris through the mob. In fact she was quite a heroine during this war; one day taking command of the Bastille, ordering them to fire on the troops, and another day relieving a town. These troubles, however, lasted but a few months and in the autumn of 1649 the French Court was again in Paris.

Mademoiselle's account of the flight of the royal family is very amusing, and very characteristic of the great Mademoiselle. Waked up in the night, she was not in a good humor, and attempted to take the seat next the Queen Mother in the royal carriage. When remonstrated with, she remarked: "Oh, very well; I suppose young ladies must give way to old people." The first night, she tells us in her memoirs, that "she slept in a very handsome room, well painted, well gilded and large,

with very little fire and no windows, which is not agreeable in the month of January. I slept on a mattress which was laid upon the floor, and my sister, who had no bed, slept with me. I was obliged to sing to get her to sleep, and then her slumber did not last long, so that she disturbed mine. She tossed about, felt me near her, woke and exclaimed she saw a beast, and so I was obliged to sing again to put her to sleep, and in that way I passed the night. Judge whether this was an agreeable situation for one who had had little or no sleep the night before, and who had been ill all winter with colds. However, the fatigue and exposure of this expedition cured me."

"In a short time my father gave me his room, but as nobody knew I was there, I was awaked in the night by a noise. I drew back my curtains, and was astonished to find my chamber filled with men in large buff skin collars, and who appeared surprised to see me, and knew me as little as I did them. I had no change of linen, and when I wanted anything washed, it was done in the night while I was in bed. I had no woman to arrange my hair and dress me, which is not very convenient ;

still I did not lose my gayety, and they were in admiration at my making no complaint; and it is true that I am a creature that can make the most of everything, and am greatly above trifles."

CHAPTER VII.

 IN 1650 Charles, now King of England, began to make preparations for an immediate invasion of his native land.

From France he received some help, but his main stay was his brother-in-law, William, now Prince of Orange in consequence of the death of his father; and it was from Holland that Charles sailed in June, 1650.

Soon after the late King's death Scotland, which had never gone to such extremes as England, opened negotiations with the young Prince. They consented to acknowledge him King on certain conditions, to which Charles agreed, and knowing that a large body of royalists in England would join him as soon as he landed, he hoped thus to obtain his rights. He reached Scotland, but before he was allowed to land the Scots made him sign their covenant.

On the third of the following September Charles was badly defeated at Dunbar, but notwithstanding this defeat he was a little later crowned at Scone, the ancient Abbey where so many of his ancestors had received their crowns.

Leaving Scotland, Charles passed into England intent on entering London; but at Worcester he was intercepted by Cromwell and forced to give battle, and was completely routed; this was on the 3d of September, 1651, exactly a year after his first defeat. Nothing now remained to the young Prince but to make his escape from England; quitting the field of battle with a few of his followers, he sought shelter in what had once been an old nunnery. There he was persuaded to disguise himself and accompanied by only Lord Wilmot, to go to Boscobel, which was on a very out of the way road. Richard Penderel, who was in charge of the house, took the King and Lord Wilmot in, but even here they could not remain with safety.

After a few hours' rest, the King with Richard Penderell left Boscobel and proceeded on foot by unfrequented roads towards Madely. In crossing a branch of

the Severn they were detected and pursued by a miller ; but first by running and then by hiding in a ditch, they escaped. At length they reached Madely, but only to find it was impossible to cross the Severn and escape into Wales, as Charles had proposed doing.

Tired, foot-sore and weary, they were obliged to retrace their steps, and by morning were again at Boscobel. The King was completely exhausted, but such comforts as the Penderels could afford he enjoyed. The house was not a safe place for his Majesty. Near by was an oak tree with dense foliage ; in this the King with Colonel Carlis, one of his officers who had come to the house during his absence, secreted themselves. Every effort was made to make the King as comfortable as circumstances allowed ; a cushion was fixed for him to sit on, and Colonel Carlis sat above him, that his lap might be a support for his King's head ; sufficient food for a day was also placed in the tree. The King slept for some hours while Colonel Carlis kept watch ; no one, however, came near them, though people could be seen in the distance passing to and fro whom they took for enemies. At night they returned to the house, and Charles could

not be persuaded to seek shelter again in the oak tree, so uncomfortable was the constrained position before the day was over.

After the Restoration, when the story of the oak tree became known, it was visited by thousands, each trying to carry off a leaf or piece of the tree as a souvenir ; since then it has always been called the Royal Oak. To prevent the ruin of the tree, it was finally enclosed by a railing.

Another attempt to get nearer the coast was made. A Mrs. Lane was found, who was going on a visit to a relative near Bristol ; the King was to accompany her as her servant. The first few days of the journey passed safely, finally the horse lost a shoe and they were forced to stop and have him shod ; while waiting the King asked if there was any news. "No news," said the smith, "that I know of since the grand news of beating the rogues, the Scots at Worcester." "Some of the officers had been captured," continued the man, "but he could not learn that the rogue Charles Stuart had been taken." "The King remarked that if he were captured he should be hung for raising the people and making this trouble in the country." "You speak like an

honest man, said the smith." The work was finished and they rode off, safe through one danger.

At one inn where they stopped, Charles, in his character of servant, took his place in the kitchen; he was requested to wind up the jack, a machine they used for roasting meats. Naturally the King did not know how to do it, and to avoid inconvenient questions, said "he was the son of a poor man and seldom had meat at home and when they did it was not cooked on a jack."

At last the house was reached where the visit was to be paid; Charles was advised to remain much of his time in his own room under pretence of sickness, rather than pass so much time with the servants and run the constant risk of detection. The old butler of the house, however, recognized his King but far from betraying him, aided him in his escape.

Leaving Leigh, Mrs. Lane and her pretended servant proceeded with the greatest precaution towards the sea coast. Colonel Wyndham, an old friend and officer of Charles I., now took charge of the King, and Lord Wilmot who had followed his King at a distance again joined him.

At Lynne, a little seaport town not far from Colonel Wyndham's, a captain of a small vessel was induced in consideration of a large bribe, to carry over to the French coast two passengers whose names were not given. All arrangements were made for the King and Lord Wilmot to meet the boat at Charmouth. At the appointed hour they were at the pier waiting to embark but they waited in vain; no boat came for them. The captain in making his preparations for this mysterious and hasty trip had aroused the suspicions of his wife. Fearful lest he should involve himself and his family by helping the fallen cause, the good woman determined to do all in her power to prevent so foolhardy an act. Accordingly the evening he was to sail she quietly turned the key on him when he went into his room and kept him a safe prisoner, until it was too late to keep his appointment.

Things were now becoming desperate; Charles and his friend not daring to linger longer in that neighborhood, pushed on to the coast of Sussex, narrowly escaping detection again and again. It was a strong test of royalty to harbor the King, for the country was filled with

soldiers scouring it in all directions hoping thereby to secure the reward offered by Parliament for his detection. But notwithstanding the risk they ran, friends to the poor King were found all along the coast who took him in and gave him the shelter and protection of their homes.

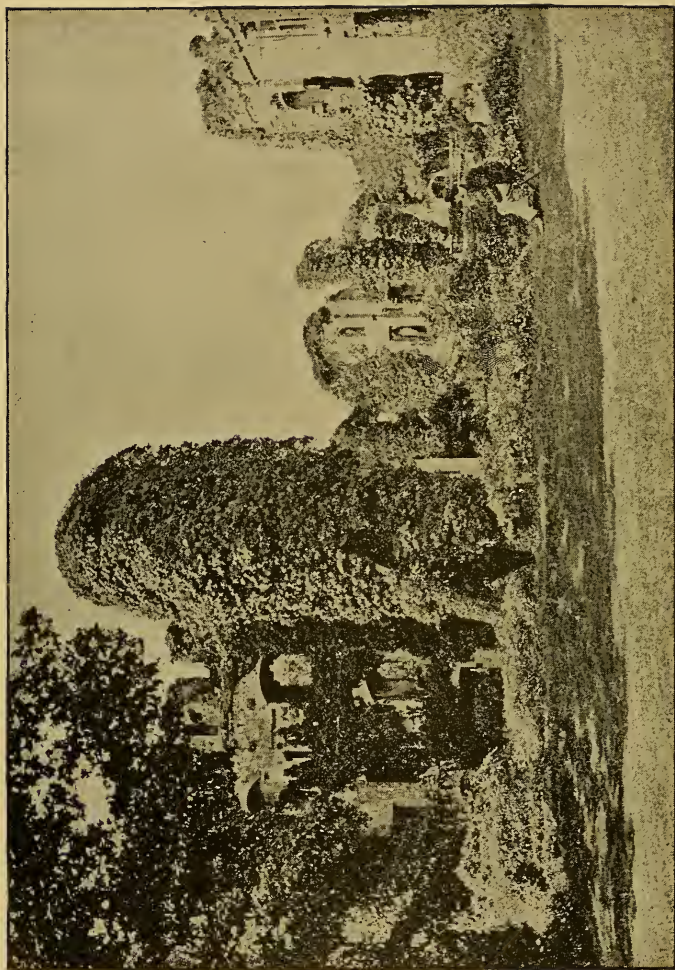
At last at Shoreham a vessel was found laded with coal about to sail for another seaport town in England. The Captain who was a royalist, was persuaded to cross to France before making his usual trip. He had not been told it was his King whom he was thus to save, but recognized him as he entered the boat; this fact and the danger it would involve him in, far from deterring him only made him more determined to carry out the plan and land Charles in France.

But how was the crew to be induced to change the course of the vessel and still not arouse suspicion? Finally a plan was hit upon which served their purpose admirably. They told the crew they were merchants in debt and were anxious to make their escape from England, and asked their influence with the Captain, who was supposed to know nothing of this plan, at the

same time bribing them freely. The men completely taken in, asked permission of the Captain to touch on the French coast before unlading their vessel. All seemed to be coming right at last, but one more adventure awaited them. When they had arrived within sight of land the wind failed, and in the distance could be seen a vessel approaching. Fearing an enemy, Charles and Lord Wilmot forsook the vessel and taking to a small boat at last reached France.

It was at the little village of Fecamp in Normandy they landed, but in so deplorable a condition that the natives refused to credit their story, and would have treated them as thieves but for the interposition of some of the neighboring gentry, who fortunately recognized the King and giving him all the help he needed both as to clothes and money, started him on his way to Paris.

A mournful welcome awaited him in Paris, Henrietta Maria though thankful that her son's life had been spared, felt with all royalists that the defeat had been final and that the cause of the Stuarts was lost, added to this was the grief caused by the death of the Princess Elizabeth in England.



CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

CHAPTER VIII.



WHEN Charles landed in Scotland, in 1650, Parliament alarmed lest their little prisoners should escape, hurried the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester off to Carisbrooke Castle. This was almost the last place in which King Charles had been confined, and a most depressing effect it had on the Princess. The melancholy journey short as it was, lasted a week ; they landed at Cowes on the 13th of August, but only reached the gloomy Castle of Carisbrooke on the 16th.

They little understood her disposition who sent her thither ; a companion of her mother's and of those who were with Elizabeth at the last, informs us "she was absorbed in melancholy thoughts on approaching the Castle to which she was going. There she made many doleful reflections ; she thought that it was the wretched place where rebellious subjects had imprisoned their prince

and lawful sovereign ; which the King her dearest father had quitted only to ascend a lamentable scaffold ; and shuddered on calling to mind all the disasters and calamities of her royal house. These melancholy thoughts which she long and studiously revolved in her mind, made such deep impressions on her heart, and so heated her blood that a violent fever ensued. It seemed at first that it was too violent to last long, but the event proved otherwise ; for the disorder kept increasing, resisted all remedies, and at length put an end to the life of the afflicted Princess."

The particulars of Elizabeth's last illness are given in a contemporary newspaper. "It appears that on Monday, August 22nd, within less than a week after her arrival at Carisbrooke, she was playing at bowls with her brother Harry, on the bowling-green of the Castle, which had been constructed for Charles I., and had formed his sole recreation. This was one of the few games which the brother and sister could share together, and Elizabeth delighted in it because it reminded her of her father. In the midst of their sport a sudden and heavy shower of rain came on, and the Princess was

very wet before she reached the house. The next day she complained of headache, and showed feverish symptoms which though at first slight and intermitting, increased upon her. The following Sunday, September 1st, she was confined to her bed, from which she never rose again."

Anthony Mildmay, her guardian at that time, took such means as lay in his power for her restoration. He summoned the best doctors in the neighborhood and as the case became more serious, her old physician Dr. Mayerne, who had attended her from infancy was sent for. He was too old to come but sent several medical men and many prescriptions, but they arrived too late to be of any service.

"One of her attendants writes thus of the dying Princess's demeanor, which excited the surprise and admiration of all who approached her."

"After very many rare and ejaculatory expressions, abundantly demonstrating her unparalleled piety, to the eternal honor of her own memory and the astonishment of those who waited on her, she took leave of the world on Sunday, the eighth of the same September."

Elizabeth died about three o'clock in the afternoon on the 8th of September, her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer and her face rested on an open Bible, her father's last gift.

Shortly before her death, Elizabeth appealed to Parliament to be allowed to join the Princess Mary and her petition was granted, but too late, for at the very time Parliament was deliberating on her request and deciding to send her to Holland and the Duke to his cousin the Elector Palatine at Heidelberg, the news of her death arrived.

An eye witness thus describes her interment. "Her body being embalmed, was carefully disposed of in a coffin of lead, and on the four-and-twentieth of the said month was brought in a borrowed coach from the Castle to the town of Newport attended thither with her few late servants. At the end of the town, the corpse was met and waited on by the Mayor and aldermen thereof, in their formalities, to the Church, where about the middle of the east part of the Chancel, in St. Thomas's chapel, her highness was interred in a small vault

purposely made with an inscription of the date of her death engraved on her coffin."

The inscription was merely:—

"Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the
late King Charles,
deceased September 8th, M. D. C. L."

In course of time her place of interment was forgotten and was not discovered until 1793, in digging a grave for the son of Lord Delaware. The vault containing the leaden coffin and the urn of the Princess, was in a perfect state of preservation.

Queen Victoria in 1856 erected a handsome monument over the little Princess; she is represented as lying on a mattress with her cheek resting on an open Bible, the attitude in which she died.

CHAPTER IX.



ON the 27th of October of this same year 1650, the Stuarts lost their best friend in William of Orange.

Only a week previous to his death he was seized with a virulent case of small pox. Owing to the Princess's delicate health, the doctors deemed it unsafe for her to be with her husband, and her attendants were warned not to allow her to know his actual state. At the very last it was not possible to keep it from her; breaking away from all who would have restrained her, she rushed to his room and clung to his now lifeless body. Her cries filled the palace and it was only when almost lifeless herself that she could be separated from all that remained to her of her dear husband. But who can wonder at her grief, "she had lost not only a husband, but a passionate lover and the kindest friend to her family."

Eight days later on November 4th, her little boy was born, a weak, sickly infant. It was the first thing that aroused the young widow from her grief, the feeling that she must live and care for her child.

She desired to have him baptized Charles after her dear father to whose memory she was devoted, but to this the dowager Princess of Orange and also the States General objected, saying "that Charles was a name of bad augury." The little boy was baptized with great pomp, William for his father, whose death was a serious loss to the child for many years to come.

Amelia of Sohm a haughty, ambitious woman, had always been jealous of her royally born daughter-in-law, and now she persuaded the States General to restrict Mary's power by appointing her as co-guardian with the Princess for the child.

The States General had felt even during William's life great uneasiness on account of his devotion to the house of Stuart, they therefore acceded to this proposition much to the disquietude of Mary, who found her power over her boy materially circumscribed.

Previous to the death of the Prince of Orange, Mary had free intercourse with her family and several times had received and entertained her brothers Charles and James. Now, however, the States General entered into an alliance with the new Republic and the Princes of the house of Stuart at Cromwell's request, were forbidden Holland. In order to see her brothers the Princess was forced to meet them in Germany, and during several years these little visits were all the intercourse she had with her family.

Before Charles left Paris for his invasion of England, he had made every effort to persuade Mademoiselle to become his bride, this she refused to do, for although the Emperor had married elsewhere, she had transferred her hopes to the young King of France. Charles on his return after the defeat at Worcester, endeavored to renew his suit, but Mademoiselle cut him short saying, "he had better return to England and have his head broken or a crown upon it;" not a very polite way of dismissing a suitor, and words which she lived to regret. Several years later her matrimonial schemes having all failed,

la grande Mademoiselle married secretly the Count de Lauzun a favorite of Louis XIV.

Finding his presence no longer desirable in Paris and being forbidden Holland, Charles went to Germany and there later was joined by his youngest brother.

For two years after the Princess Elizabeth died the Duke of Gloucester was detained at Carisbrooke Castle, then to rid themselves of the expense of supporting him Parliament gave him permission to join his family, on condition he did not enter England. Accordingly he left the Isle of Wight and landed at Dunkirk, where a warm welcome awaited him from the Princess of Orange. Unable to remain in Holland on account of the attitude the States General had assumed towards the Stuarts he soon joined his mother in Paris.

But his visit to that city was not very protracted; so long had he and his mother been separated that they found they had but few interests in common. Charles hearing his brother was not very happy in his surroundings sent for him to come to Germany. The children of Henrietta Maria felt keenly the decided preference she manifested for their youngest sister.

The three following years Henry of Gloucester remained a student at Leyden, then he entered the French army but the military life was so uncongenial to one of his studious disposition that he soon left the army and returned to Leyden, where he gave his entire time and attention to study even stealing hours from sleep to give to his favorite pursuit.

Henry of Gloucester was more like his father in appearance than any of the royal family; in character he resembled his uncle Henry, Prince of Wales; "a strong judgment, a deep and far reaching understanding, a most pleasing and affable delivery."

The Duke of York did not tire so soon of the life of a soldier; most of the years he spent on the Continent he was in active service, first as an officer in the French army and later serving in the same capacity in the army of Spain.

CHAPTER X.



IN January of 1656, the Princess of Orange at the earnest solicitation of the Queen dowager of England, left Holland to visit Paris.

At St. Denis she was met by Anne of Austria, Louis XIV., the Duke of Anjou, and the Queen of England. That she was most cordially received and treated by the royal family of France, will be seen by a letter which Henrietta Maria wrote about this time to Prince Charles.

“I leave to better pens than mine to give you the description of the arrival of your sister, the Princess Royal. She has been received most royally, she pleases both high and low. She has been to-day so overwhelmed with visits that I am half dead with fatigue, which will serve as an excuse that I can tell you no more than that I am,

Sir, my son,

Your very affectionate mother,

HENRIETTA MARIA.”

Many balls, banquets and festivities were given in honor of the Princess. Mademoiselle de Montpensier gives us an account of her own. "Queen Henrietta showed me her daughter the Princess Royal, with the words, I present you to a person who has a great wish to see you. Mary then embraced me with great affection, for one whom I had never seen before."

"The Princess Henrietta of England was also with her, and her brother James, Duke of York."

"It was in a place the best in the world to receive such company, for Chilly is a very beautiful, large and magnificent house. I led the Queen my aunt and her daughters through the great hall, the antechamber and the cabinet to the gallery. The whole was suitably furnished and decorated. The Queen of England seated herself on a sofa, and her circle was larger than it had ever been; all the princesses and duchesses in Paris were there. She dined in the room below, and it may be supposed I regaled her and her family sumptuously."

"When they returned upstairs from dinner, the Princess of Orange talked to me without ceasing, saying how desirous she had been to see me and how

sorry she should have been to have left France without having accomplished the desire, for the King her brother Charles II., had talked of me with so much affection, that she had loved me, before she saw me."

"I asked her how she liked the Court of France? She replied that she was indeed well pleased with it, the more so because she had a great aversion to that of Holland and that as soon as her brother Charles was settled in any place, she would go and live with him."

"Do you observe, said the widow Queen of England, that my daughter is not only dressed in black, but wears a pommete (a black ball of wood or metal) because she is a widow, and has never seen you before, certes, her first visit ought to be in strict etiquette. I replied, that I was at a loss to see any necessity of her being ceremonious with me. The Princess of Orange, she adds, wore the most beautiful diamond ear-rings I ever beheld, very fine pearls, clasps, and large diamond bracelets, with splendid rings of the same."

That winter Mary lived in the Louvre with her mother and the Princess Henrietta, a young girl of twelve, fast blooming into a beautiful woman.

In writing to Holland Mary says, "she is overwhelmed with visits, that she has no repose from the time she rises in the morning till she goes to bed. To tell you the truth, I have scarcely time to eat a morsel of bread. I am, however, impatient to tell you how well I am treated here, for I can assure you that I never in all my life received half so much civility."

Though Mary undoubtedly enjoyed the festivities of the gay metropolis, she was not forgetful of her dead husband. One of the court balls given in her honor, happening to be on the day the Prince of Orange died, she said "that her dear husband's obsequies were solemnized about the same time, for which cause she could take no recreation on so sad an anniversary."

Anne of Austria hoped that Louis XIV. would make the Princess of Orange Queen of France, but at that time he was too enamoured of Mademoiselle de Mancini the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, to think of any one else. The following autumn Mary was called home by the alarming illness of her little boy, but the glad tidings that he was out of danger met her before she arrived in Holland.

CHAPTER XI.



AFTER the battle of Worcester in 1650, Cromwell returned in triumph to London, a short war with Holland followed in which England was successful and by the terms of the treaty, as we have seen, Holland was obliged to banish the Stuart princes from that country.

But Cromwell was not satisfied, he aimed now at absolute power. The Parliament then in session, attempting to act independently of him, he by military force dismissed, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket.

For the sake of appearances he convened another Parliament of his own creatures, a set of low fanatics called Barebones Parliament from the name of one of its most active and zealous members, Praise-god Barebones. This Parliament realizing its own inefficiency, soon by mutual consent dissolved, only a few of its

members remaining in the House of Commons. Cromwell sent an officer to dismiss them, who asked what they were doing there, "seeking the Lord" they replied; then said the officer, "you may go elsewhere, for to my certain knowledge, the Lord has not been here these many years;" saying which he turned them out.

All power now remained in the hands of the army or more strictly speaking, in Cromwell's hands, who had himself nominated Lord Protector, installed at Whitehall, declared in office for life, with power to make peace and war, and with a standing army to support his government. This was all that the people of England had gained by their Revolution, a king under another name.

Though a hypocrite and a tyrant, Cromwell was a man of strong mental endowments and of a vigorous will, and during the Protectorate, England held its own among European governments.

A king in all but name still Cromwell was not satisfied, he aspired to the highest honor the country could bestow. A Parliament of his making passed an act conferring the title of king on the Protector. The army protested against this and reports were circulated that a plot had

been formed to kill him. His family dreading the result interfered, so that Cromwell with the goal of his ambition within his grasp was forced to decline it.

From that time he seemed haunted by fears of an untimely death, the cause probably, of a slow fever which ended his life September 3rd, 1658, the anniversary of two of his greatest victories, Dunbar and Worcester, and a day Cromwell had always looked upon as his lucky day.

Richard Cromwell by his father's appointment succeeded him as Protector of Great Britain. In every respect the opposite of his father, he soon found himself unequal to holding the reins of government and in about a year he resigned the Protectorate.

The state of disorder and confusion throughout the Kingdom was intense, the military only were in power; but in order to give an appearance of justice to their rule, the remnant of the last legal Parliament was convened, this was known as the Rump Parliament.

In this state of anarchy General Monk, one of Cromwell's officers, seeing that the people were ready and willing for a return to the old rule, marched at the

head of the Scotch army to London, dismissed the Rump Parliament and called a new one.

At this crisis Charles II. who had been kept advised of the turn affairs had taken in England, sent word to Parliament "that they had better perfect the good work they had begun by his restoration, promising free pardon to all, liberty of conscience and undisturbed possession of the then existing titles to property."

Parliament satisfied with this Declaration, proclaimed Charles King of England, and that Prince found himself raised from a state almost of destitution to the highest pinnacle of prosperity.

The effect on Holland of the recall of Charles Stuart to the throne of his fathers was very droll. The States General turned completely around and could not be too lavish in their offers of assistance, saying "whoever was King of England, were it the Devil himself, they must be friends with him."

The deputies of Holland sent to "beseech his Britannic Majesty to grace them with his usual royal presence at the Hague, where such preparations for his reception should be made, as would testify their

joy for the blessings which divine providence was showering on his head."

The fleet which England sent for the young King had now arrived off Holland. James Duke of York was put in charge of it as Lord High Admiral of England, and the King accompanied by his two brothers sailed for England. At Dover they were met by General Monk, and on May 29th, 1660, his twenty-ninth birthday, Charles entered London as King of England.

The following September the Princess of Orange taking a tender farewell of her boy whom she left under the care of the States General, sailed for England, little dreaming that she would never return to Holland. Charles II. and the Duke of York in their royal barges met the Princess at Gravesend September 23d.

The joy of Mary's return to her native land was clouded by the sad tidings that met her. The Duke of Gloucester had died about a week previously of small-pox and his funeral had only taken place on the 21st of September, two days before the Princess landed.

Early in November Henrietta Maria and the Princess Henrietta, escorted by James Duke of York, landed at Dover where Charles and the Princess Mary awaited them.

Great was the rejoicing among the royalists at the return of the Stuarts, but to the royal family it also brought many sad reminiscences, the dreadful fate of their father and the untimely deaths of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; nor could they so soon forget the troublous lives they had led since their banishment from England.

It was about this time, the Duke of York's marriage to Annie Hyde daughter of the Duke of Clarendon, Chancellor of England, became known. James in his visits to his sister Mary, met the young girl, she being one of the ladies in waiting on the Princess. A mutual attachment was formed which ended in a secret marriage. Though Annie Hyde was never on the English throne her two daughters successively occupied it, the older of the two Mary, marrying the Prince of Orange, the Princess Mary's son.

Just before Christmas of that same year the Princess of Orange contracted small-pox, the disease which had proved so fatal to her family, probably from the ignorance existing among the doctors in regard to its proper treatment.

Through the few days her illness lasted, Mary was perfectly conscious. She made her will and every arrangement in her power for the care of her child; if the poor mother could but have looked forward and seen the future of her boy; struggling through great difficulties, raised to be the Statholder and General of the United Provinces of Holland, one of the first military leaders in Europe and finally King of England!

The Princess expired on Christmas Eve, and at her own request was buried by the side of her brother the Duke of Gloucester in Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER XII.



ENRIETTA MARIA, alarmed by the death of her two children, hurried back to France with her only remaining daughter.

At Pontoise they were met by the King and Queen of France, Louis having married a Spanish Princess; and his brother Philip who was now Duke of Orleans.

One of Queen Henrietta Maria's reasons for going to England, had been to obtain the consent of Charles II. to his young sister's marriage to her cousin Philip.

The royal consent had been given and Parliament having settled the dowry of the Princess, there was no further obstacle to the marriage. At Monsieur's as he is usually styled, earnest request it took place almost immediately after Henrietta's return to Paris. For a few days the Queen mother and her daughter retired to the quiet of the convent at Chailot, a religious house

which Henrietta Maria had founded and to which she and her daughter were much attached.

On March 31st, 1661, in the chapel of the Palais Royal, the marriage took place in the presence of the royal family of France and the Queen dowager of England.

Henrietta was not seventeen years old but she was a beautiful woman, exceedingly bright and clever and the centre of attraction at the court of France. Married to a man her inferior in mental endowments and with little education, there was but small ground for congeniality.

The Duke of Orleans was a handsome man but of a weak, selfish nature, caring for no one as much as for himself; to this was added a jealousy of disposition which was the cause of all of the after troubles of Henrietta's life. Jealous of the respect and deference Louis XIV. showed to his wife's opinions on political matters and of the admiration which her beauty, brightness of mind, and loveliness of character excited, he would keep her secluded as much as possible at one of his country seats.

In 1666 Anne of Austria died after a lingering illness and two years later Henrietta Maria passed suddenly away; thus the Princess lost her two best friends and the only two people by whom the Duke of Orleans was influenced.

Not satisfied with his arbitrary treatment of his wife, the Duke kept in his family the Chevalier de Lorraine; a man extremely disagreeable to the Princess and who did much to foment the evil dispositions of the Duke against his wife. Unable to stand his presence, Henrietta complained to Louis who banished the Chevalier, but as we shall see, the Chevalier did not allow distance to prevent his wreaking his vengeance on Madame.

In 1670 Henrietta at the desire of Louis went over to England to negotiate a treaty between him and Charles II. against Holland.

Enraged at the confidence placed in his wife in which he had no share, the Duke hurried her away from Paris within a few days after her return into France.

This was the 24th of June; on the 29th, Henrietta was seized with a violent pain in her side which increased hourly in intensity. The doctors in attendance insisted

that it was only colic and would wear itself out, but from the first Madame felt that she had been poisoned and that she was dying. After hours of suffering she expired at three o'clock in the morning of the 30th of June.

Louis shocked and distressed at his sister-in-law's death, took immediate steps to discover the perpetrator of the deed.

The result of the investigation showed that the Chevalier de Lorraine had sent poison, which had been rubbed by an accomplice in the golden goblet from which Henrietta drank. "The Duke of Orleans had not been told of the design to poison Madame only because he could never keep a secret" and would have ruined the plot.

Thus betrayed by her friends, died the last of the daughters of Charles I.; her body was removed to St. Denis on the 4th of July, followed by a stately procession. There the monks took charge of the body until the grand obsequies, when the Princess Henrietta was laid to rest by the side of her mother in that grand Westminster Abbey of France.

The only two children of Charles I. living in 1670, were Charles II. and James Duke of York, who in a few years succeeded his brother as King of England.

Then came another revolution when James deserted by his daughters and driven from his throne by his nephew, the Prince of Orange whom we have known as the Princess Mary's little boy, sought refuge in France and died in that country September 16th, 1701.

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